

He's All I Have Left of Her

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Summary: My own twist on the "You're Not My Son" scene in the movie. Each chapter will be a different point of view, including Hiccup's, Stoick's, Astrid's, etc. Please read, and hope you enjoy!

1. Hiccup's POV

Hiccup's POV

"FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, WOULD YOU JUST LISTEN TO ME!?"

Dad jerked his arm hard, causing me to fall to the ground just as hard. I grunted as I came in contact with the ground. I began scrambling to get up, but Dad's words made me freeze.

"You've thrown your lot in with him," he growled. "You're no Viking." He looked me up and down. "You're not my son."

I felt my heart break in half. I lost my best friend and my father, and Astrid would go against me to avoid getting in trouble, and the others would shun me out. I had nothing left, and I couldn't do anything to fix what had happened.

"Prepare the ships!" I heard Dad, um, Stoick, holler as he slammed the door behind him. It flew back open and I saw the other kids standing there, shocked. They must've heard everything. I stood up and bolted. I even ignored their hollers. I wasn't going to stick around for them to insult me, too.

As I ran into my house, I angrily kicked my shoes off and kicked them to the side. The flames from the fire crackled. I slowly headed upstairs to pack. I knew the moment Stoick was back, I'd be out of the house, but it might be better if I just left before then. Maybe I could sneak another dragon out, train it in the forest, and then fly away to a new life. It'd never fill the hole though, from where Toothless and embedded himself into my heart.

I threw some necessities into my satchel and got my traveling sack, beginning to fill it with my clothes and notebooks. I'd have to sneak into the forge later to grab my other books. I wrote everything about my training in there. I didn't want them to destroy that. Then I'd really have nothing left.

I started coughing and realized that small trails of smoke were sneaking in under my door. I opened the door and covered my mouth instantly as smoke flooded its way from the hallway into my room. Coughing, I grabbed a cloth, wrapping it around my mouth, and wandering down the hallway to the steps. I barely made it 2 steps down the stairs before I saw the house was becoming overrun by flames. My eyes widened and my heart began to beat in panic as I looked around for any possible escape. There wasn't.

Then my mind decided the worst was happening. The village - even Stoick - would be willing to burn a house down to kill a traitor. That's what this must be. They wanted me dead. But I wasn't going down without a fight.

I tripped rushing up the steps as the fire began to climb up the steps. I heard screaming and shouts from outside - but I couldn't make out the words. I could definitely make out my father's voice, though. That confirmed my suspicion. He wanted to see me suffer the consequences. I rushed into my bedroom, not caring to close the door. The cloth I was wearing was now soaking wet from the saliva that spit out from all of my coughing. I grabbed another one and curled into a corner, covering my mouth as best as I could with the new cloth. I could slowly hear the fire getting louder and louder as it continued to engulf the house. My heart began to beat faster. But I was determined not to scream or cry. I wasn't going to give those murderers satisfaction.

"HICCUP!"

My heart skipped a beat. That couldn't be ...

"HICCUP, WHERE ARE YOU!?"

It was.

"Stoick?" I coughed, but I barely made a sound.

Stoick's massive figure burst through the frame and his eyes scanned the room before they landed on me.

"Hiccup," he sighed in relief, then rushed over to the window. "MOVE THE LADDER OVER HERE! I FOUND HIM!"

Stoick rushed over to me and hugged me. "Oh, my boy."

I pushed him away. "I'm not your boy." I began having a coughing fit.

I was too weak to protest or fight back as Stoick gathered me into his arms and rushed to the window. Gobber had climbed halfway up the ladder. Stoick handed me to him, to handed me to Spitelout at the bottom. Other adults were holding the teens back. Spitelout tried to hold me still as my body racked from coughs.

"He's inhaled a lot of smoke," Stoick explained once he was on the ground. "I need all of my men working to put this fire out. Make sure it doesn't reach any other houses." Then he turned to the other teens. "Thank you." They nodded. I felt my eyes droop and didn't fight it as they closed and I passed out.

* * *

><p>I groaned and my body shook as I felt myself come to. I slowly opened my eyes and took in my surroundings.<p>

I was in a ship cabin.

I shot up and out of the bed I was in, only to have my legs buckle and collapse on me. It was quiet for a moment before several pairs of feet shuffled towards the door. It opened to reveal Stoick, Astrid, and Gobber. Stoick smiled.

"Good, you're awake," he smiled. "Toothless has willingly led us to Dragon Island." He put a hand on my shoulder. "Now whaddya say we train these dragons?"

"But," I began, but Stoick stopped me.

"Hiccup, I refused to listen to you," he said, kneeling down to look me in the eyes. "I saw the worry in Toothless' eyes as we brought you onto the ship. It's made me open my eyes. I almost lost you, Hiccup." I stood there shocked as tears came to his eyes. "When your mother died in a dragon raid, you became all I had left of her. And I almost lost it." Stoick hugged me. "Will you ever forgive me ... Son?"

I looked over Stoick's shoulder to see Astrid and Gobber smile. I hugged him back.

"Of course ... Dad."

2. Stoick's POV

Stoick's POV

"FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, WOULD YOU JUST LISTEN TO ME!?"

I jerked my arm, and heard Hiccup grunt as he slammed into the floor. I slightly winced - that had to hurt for a boy as small as he was. But I put up my façade again - my own son had betrayed me. No, not my son. No son of mine betrayed their village like this. I turned to see him scrambling to get up. He froze as I spoke.

"You've thrown your lot in with them. You're not a Viking." I looked at him in disgust. "You're not my son."

I almost broke down at the sight before me. Hiccup's breath hitched and his eyes grew wide. His body tensed up and tears threatened to spill. He was absolutely heartbroken. I turned away and grabbed the door.

"Prepare the ships!" I hollered, slamming the door behind me and rushing past the other kids. A few seconds later, I heard them

hollering Hiccup's name and looked to see him running up towards the house. I shook my head and turned to head towards the ships and prepare for take off.

* * *

><p>I could hear people shouting from the village, but stayed focused on the map Gobber, Spitelout, and I were observing. We were trying to figure out the best way to go, the fastest way to get there. It would be much quicker now with the beast to lead us. Spitelout looked up to hearing his son holler.<p>

"Dad!" Snotlout cried, running down the hills with his friends. I looked up at my name. "Stoick!"

"Can't you see we're busy, son?" Spitelout glared at his son.

"House ... On ... Fire," Snotlout said, gasping for air from running so hard.

"Then get buckets and put it out," I waved it off.

"Chief, this is important," Astrid spoke up. "It's your house on fire." I looked up and my blood froze with her next words.

"And Hiccup's still inside."

* * *

><p>Spitelout and Gobber held the ladder steady as I frantically climbed up it into my room. Smoke was thick in the air, and I tried to hold in my coughs. I quickly rushed to my door and opened it to see flames at the top of the stairs. That meant there was no way to get down there. If Hiccup was down there, he would already be dead. I prayed to Odin that wasn't the case and started hollering for him.<p>

"HICCUP!"

No response. I headed towards his room.

"HICCUP, WHERE ARE YOU!?"

I heard a little cough with a weak, "Stoick?" coming from Hiccup's room.

I burst through the open door and looked around the room. My eyes landed on Hiccup - curled up in a corner with his mouth covered by a cloth. I went to the window and hollered for the ladder. Then I rushed over to him and hugged him.

"Oh, my boy."

He weakly pushed me away. "I'm not your boy."

I ignored the aching in my heart from that statement and gathered Hiccup into my arms. He slouched almost immediately, which worried me. He'd been breathing too much smoke; he'd need fresh air soon.

I climbed out onto the ladder, giving Hiccup to Gobber. Gobber gave

him to Spitelout and helped me down.

"He's inhaled a lot of smoke," I explained once I was firm on the ground. I turned and gave fire brigade directions, then turned to the teens.

"Thank you," I smiled to them. We all looked to see Hiccup's coughing die down as he passed out. "Let's get him to the healer."

"We're ready, sir," a warrior came up to me. I turned to him.

"We're not leaving until my son is looked at," I ordered. "And he will be coming with us to help train these dragons."

I saw Astrid smile.

* * *

><p>"He hates me," I sighed as I sunk into my chair in my cabin.<p>

"Don't be so silly, Stoick," Gobber reasoned.

"I'm not, Gobber," I snapped. Astrid jumped in her chair from shock at my tone. I sighed and lowered my voice. "I disowned him. And he probably thinks I set that fire."

"To what?" Gobber asked. "Kill him? Even if you disowned him, you'd never wish him dead."

"No, but he's heard stories of when I tried to kill Alvin, and called him a traitor," I sighed. "And I called Hiccup a traitor, too."

"Listen, Stoick," Gobber sighed. "What's happened has happened. You can't change that; nobody can change that. What you can change is the future. Give Hiccup another chance. It's just like you said to the warrior. We can train these dragons, maybe even live in peace with them. They can be our protection."

That's when we heard a loud thud. We jumped up and rushed towards Hiccup's cabin to see him push himself up. I smiled. Here goes nothing.

I was the first to open the door as Hiccup scrambled to his feet and looked at us, almost as if he was scared of us. It hurt my heart, but I stepped forward and smiled, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Good, you're awake," I said. "Toothless has willingly led us to Dragon Island. How whaddya say we train these dragons?"

"But," he started, and I stopped him.

"Hiccup, I refused to listen to you," I said, kneeling down to him to look him straight in the eyes. His were filled with pain; mine echoed the same pain. "I saw the worry in Toothless' eyes as we brought you onto the ship. It's made me open my eyes. I almost lost you, Hiccup." His eyes widened in shock and I realized tears were fuzzing my vision, but I didn't wipe them away. I didn't care anymore. "When your mother died in a dragon raid, you became all I had left of her."

And I almost lost it." I pulled him into one of my tight hugs, and I felt him grunt. I smiled. "Will you ever forgive me ... Son?"

He stayed still for a moment, but then grabbed his tiny little arms around me the best he could.

"Of course ... Dad."

Then I let the tears fall.

3. Astrid's POV

Astrid's POV

"FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, WOULD YOU JUST LISTEN TO ME!?"

"Whoa," Snotlout smirked. "Pipsqueak actually had a voice to him."

"Shut that hole in your face before I shut it for you," I growled. He immediately shut up, and we listened again.

"You've thrown your lot in with him," Stoick said. "You're not a Viking." There was a pause. "You're not my son."

We all froze in shock as Stoick came out, hollering orders as he walked right past us. The door he slammed behind him opened up again and we saw Hiccup on the ground, frozen in shock. He looked at us for a second before shooting up and running.

"HICCUP!" I hollered after him, but he ignored me. I turned to the others. "You coming?"

* * *

><p>We followed Hiccup to his house and watched as he slammed the door behind him. We heard ruffling inside, wondering what the heck he was doing. Tuffnut began sniffing the air.<p>

"What are you doing, moron?" Ruffnut asked.

"I smell something weird," he answered.

She smelt the air. "Oh yeah, that does smell weird. Almost like smoke."

"Um, guys," Fishlegs pointed to the door. "That's because it is."

I saw smoke coming through the bottom on the door.

"FIRE!"

* * *

><p>We bound throughout the village towards the boats to see Spitelout, Gobber, and Stoick looking at sea maps on a table set up on the docks.<p>

"Dad!" Snotlout shouted. Spitelout looked up. "Stoick!" He looked up

too.

"Can't you see we're busy, son?" Spitelout glared.

We stopped in front of them, panting. "House ... On ... Fire."

"Then grab the buckets and put it out," Stoick waved it off.

"Chief this is important," I growled. "It's your house on fire." He looked up in shock.

"And Hiccup's still inside."

* * *

><p>We watched in worry as Stoick went into his burning house and looked for Hiccup. We sighed in relief as he hollered for the ladder. We helplessly watched as Hiccup was taken to the healer.<p>

"We're ready, sir," a warrior said to Stoick.

Stoick turned around and fumed up. "We're not leaving until my son is looked at. And he will be coming with us to help train these dragons."

That made me smile.

* * *

><p>"He hates me," Stoick grumbled, sinking into his chair. We were on a boat, not too far away from Dragon Island. The other kids were helping prepare the dragons we currently had (including Toothless) to help with controlling the other dragons.<p>

"Don't be so silly, Stoick," Gobber reasoned.

"I'm not, Gobber," Stoick snapped, causing me to jump in shock. Then Stoick took a deep breath to calm himself before speaking again. "I disowned him. And he probably thinks I set that fire."

I look at Stoick in shock as Gobber spoke. "To what? Kill him? Even if you disowned him, you'd never wish him dead."

"No," Stoick sighed, rubbing his forehead. "But he's heard stories when I tried to kill Alvin, and call him a traitor." He looked down in misery and guilt. "And I called Hiccup a traitor, too."

"Listen, Stoick," Gobber sighed. "What's happened has happened. You can't change that; nobody can change that. What you can change in the future. Give Hiccup another chance. It's just like you said to the warrior. We can train these dragons, maybe even live in peace with them. They can be our protection."

We heard a loud thud and jumped up, hurrying to the room Hiccup was in. Stoick burst in and Gobber and I rushed in after him to see Hiccup scrambling to his feet. Stoick stepped forward and put a hand on Hiccup's shoulder.

"Good, you're awake," he stated, smiling. "Toothless has willingly led us to Dragon Island. Now whaddya say we train these

dragons?"

But," Hiccup started, but Stoick cut him off.

"Hiccup, I refused to listen to you." Stoick knelt down in front of Hiccup. "I saw the worry in Toothless' eyes as we brought you onto the ship. It's made me open my eyes. I almost lost you, Hiccup." Hiccup's eyes widened in shock. "When your mother died in a dragon raid, you became all I had left of her. And I almost lost it." He pulled Hiccup into a huge hug. He grunted in shock, and I smirked. "Will you ever forgive me ... Son?"

Hiccup looked at us for support. We nodded and gave him a thumbs up. Then he hugged Stoick back.

"Of course ... Dad."

That's the first time I ever saw the Chief openly cry.

End
file.